

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 304.

VANDYKE'S NEW YEAR'S LEAF.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Have you heard of the leaf that Vandyke Turned one stormy New Year's night, Seated alone in his cozy arm-chair? "Tis a New Year's day right? If you have not, will tell you In a rhyme that shall be brief; Though I fear he will not thank me For this tale of his New Year's leaf.

He was a devotee of fashion, Did not care for pounds and pence; Feted all who won his favor— Spendthrift in the widest sense! Quoth he, "I have a friend, Never won a hand at stealth; And 'twas said by hundreds daily: "Beggars steal Hugh Vandyke's wealth.

"Charity is Vandyke's failing. It will prove his ruin some day— Never from his door a beggar Almsless had he turned away; And they came from every quarter Of the country, comin' to him— Never won a hand at stealth; And 'twas said by hundreds daily: "Beggars steal Hugh Vandyke's wealth.

"Too much money to the beggars!" All around my people say; And to-night but fifty dollars Have I for the coming day. Fifty dollars! what a trifle! Tis a New Year's leaf, you see, And 'twas said by hundreds daily: "Beggars steal Hugh Vandyke's wealth.

"This is New Year's night! a new leaf I will turn and keep it down; During this year not one dollar To the whiners of the town!" And that night he turned his new leaf. Said by hundreds daily: "Heard the storm against the window. Heard the storm-winds mounting higher.

All at once a low rap started Vandyke from his reverie; And he left his cozy arm-chair, Indignation in his eye. "Tis a whiner," he was saying, As he opened the parlor door; Was it specter he confronted? Pallid face, and nothing more!

Said a low voice: "Mother's dying! Weep for her, the night is long, They will shiver o'er her pillow; For no fire warms our home;" Let her—" Vandyke paused abruptly— Took the child so cold and fair, Drew her in and shut the portal; Sat her in his velvet chair.

Chafed her hands and clothed her warmly: "Aye, aye, aye!" Sent her to the dying mother— With the contents of his purse! And he smiled as he dismissed her— She, a "whiner of the town;" "Where's my New Year's leaf?" she murmured, "God! I could not keep it down!"

Then he moved the ancient arm-chair Closer to the roaring fire. Heard the mad winds mounting higher, In the golden-tinted light. Dreaming like a child, he slept; No man's New Year's night was happier Than the one Hugh Vandyke kept.

Happy Harry,

THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;

OR,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENGLISH BRIG-OF-WAR.

HAPPY HARRY was soon far beyond the glade where he had so cunningly outwitted the king's officer and messenger. His face was all aglow with joy and triumph as he sped away through the woods, fast as his legs would carry him. He never ceased running until he reached the lake shore, where, out of breath, he sat down to rest and examine the button that the unsuspecting Englishman had intrusted to his care.

"Great hoppin' hornits! Belshazzar!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "this is jest more'n fun, arn't it, ole chum? And, mortal pizen! didn't I do it up to that Britisher slicker'n a peeled sappin'? I didn't know I war so good reachin' out with my voice. I didn't, for a sacred fact. By George! he war a kind of a spy, that red-coat, and I'd ort to 'a taken him prisoner; but then, what did I want with him after I got the feller's secret? Ho! out here, ole button. What news from the headquarters of the ole king's army? Open, my pretty silver bauble, and let it out."

After repeated efforts, he succeeded in unscrewing the button, which he found to be a mere shell of silver, the cavity of which was filled with neatly-folded paper of the finest quality.

"Sweet Jerusalem! there lays the kernel of the silver nut!" exclaimed the youth, looking at the paper as if half afraid to touch it, for fear it would vanish like a bubble.

While thus occupied, Belshazzar uttered a low, plaintive whine.

A twig cracked in the undergrowth not far away, and was succeeded by a rustling of foliage.

Happy Harry sprung to his feet, slipped the button into his pocket, and cocked his rifle.

A man emerged from the undergrowth, and a look of profound astonishment mounted his face as he confronted the young wood-tramp.

The man was Long Beard, the Giant Wood-man.

"Hoppin' hornits!" burst from the boy's lips, and he dug his knuckles into his eyes, as if to remove a mist of doubt gathered over them, "it can't be so—it's a mistake, it is, for an ugly fact."



"Hullo, my little waif, you are safe, thank God!" said the giant, advancing toward him.

all I know, that poor, deluded man from the moon is standing that in the opening yit."

"You tricked him with that tongue of yours, did you?" asked Long Beard.

" Didn't I, though, general?" replied Harry, with a sly wink. "I just had 'em demandin' his surrenders all around, and you ort to 'a heard the one with a creaky voice. Dogged if I didn't like to overdo it on that voice. But, here's the button, Big Beard, already unscrubbed, ready for an investigation of its contents."

He handed the button to the giant, who removed the paper therefrom. He found the latter to be of the finest texture, capable of being compressed into a very small space. It was nearly a foot square when spread open.

Upon the upper half was traced, by a skillful hand, a map of all that portion of the United States and territories lying north of the forty-second degree of north latitude, also a portion of Canada. There were red dots upon it, which doubtless represented the location of the American posts of defense. It was also traced with blue lines, supposed to represent the anticipated routes of the English army in their invasion of the republic. Beneath this map was an explanation written in cipher, which the giant at once set to work upon to translate. It seemed as though he had some experience in such things before, for in a few minutes he had unraveled the secret of the whole. And what a secret worth knowing it was to the citizens of the American republic!

On the back of this map was written, also in cipher, these words:

"Captain Rankin—money secured General Hull's retreat from Canada, and I believe it will secure the surrender of Detroit. Try it, at any rate, if your present movement should prove a failure."

"Maj.-Gen. Brock."

"Great, hoppin' hornits!" exclaimed Harry, when Long Beard had revealed the secrets of the paper; "afore such a thing shall happen, I'll run my very soul out. I'll start this holy hour for the nearest military post. Wouldn't you, Long Whiskers, if you were a little frisky boy?"

"I might, it is true, Harry. But then, this is a matter of such vital importance to our country that no risks must be encountered in delivering it to the proper authorities. There is no great hurry in the matter, therefore you can afford to take your time and run no risks. Now, if you will go with me to the Pleiades Islands you can take a boat and reach Lake-town in half the time you can go there on foot."

"Just as you say, Long Beard. I'm alars willin' to obey them as are older than me. There's my dear, ole bunkmate, Davy Darrett, whom I hain't seen for a month, who's alars right on such things as b'long to the border."

"Then come along with me."

They moved along the shore and in a few minutes came to where the giant's little schooner was tied up. Boarding her, they at once put to sea.

As they pulled out from shore Belshazzar uttered a low whine, and glancing back toward the shore, Long Beard and Harry saw the cause of his uneasiness. An Indian girl, whom Harry recognized as the princess Eelelah, was standing on a prominent point of the shore, waving her hand toward them in a violent manner; and the very instant she ceased

"Oh, great hornits!" cried Happy Harry; "it's Eelelah, and she's drowned herself!"

"Nay, nay, Harry," responded Long Beard; "that girl is our friend. Those gestures were intended as a warning. Look! she is swimming around the base of that rock, evidently to reach the opposite side unobserved. Enemies to us must be approaching the point from whence we embarked—ah, there they come now!"

Fully twenty men, with flashing uniforms and bristling muskets, emerged from the great woods.

It was a company of British soldiers, and at their head Happy Harry could distinguish the forms of Captain Kirby Kale and his late captor, the English major.

"Halt there!" cried Kale, at the top of his lungs, and the soldiers brought their muskets into position.

But Long Beard and Harry paid no attention to his order.

"Halt, or we'll fire!" again shouted Kale.

Quicker than a flash Happy Harry threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the foe. A soldier fell at the feet of his comrades.

The next instant a line of smoke burst from the English ranks and the crash of twenty muskets rolled along the waves. Like hail their bullets pattered against the side of the little schooner, but Long Beard and Harry having sought shelter in the cabin escaped unharmed.

The giant at once ran up another sail and soon they were out of reach of the enemy's guns. Then the two again went on deck, and, to their surprise, saw that a number of savages had joined the English, and all together were holding a consultation.

With his field-glass Long Beard scanned the allies closely, and while thus engaged he happened to run his eye along the coast, when to his surprise and astonishment, he discovered a small sail bearing down the wind toward them. It was over a league away, yet he could see distinctly that it was a brig carrying a gun fore and aft and flying the English colors!

"By heavens, Harry!" exclaimed the giant, "an English vessel has gained our lake! Look off here and you'll see her."

Happy Harry took the glass and, having scanned the sail, confirmed his friend's statement.

"Strikes me general," he said, "that we're in a fair way for a bit of a naval engagement."

"The chances for a fight are good, but our condition to stand up to a brig carrying heavy guns is not very promising of good results."

"Our best hold lies in flight, and I shall press every inch of canvas into service and attend promptly to the helm and our course. It is now one o'clock, and it will take us until evening to reach the Pleiades."

"Well, all right, general; drive on your gig, and if thar's anything that we can assist you in doin' make a clean breast of it and we'll be on hand like a dozen warts."

"Keep a watch on the brig, Harry."

"I'll do so, general; I will, for a solemn fact."

Half an hour had passed in silence when he suddenly exclaimed:

"There, by hornits! Captain Kale has succeeded in halting the brig and two boats have been sent ashore."

"Then depend upon it, every effort will be made to overhaul us, Harry," said Long Beard, "and you in that English messenger's hands and I in Kale's, we would fare badly."

Suddenly the boom of a cannon came down the wind, and glancing back, the fugitives saw a cloud of smoke hanging upon the brig's prows.

Long Beard took the glass and brought it to bear upon the enemy. A cry burst from his lips.

"She has sighted us, and is giving chase! Now for liberty, an English prison, or death, Harry!" he exclaimed, a stern, desperate look kindling in his eyes, and his great form growing majestic with the firm resolutions that strung every nerve and inspired his soul.

The race now began in earnest between the little schooner and the brig-of-war. Silent and firm the giant woodman stood at the helm, while Happy Harry stood aft gazing away at the pursuing enemy with a kind of a vague fascination, at the same time humming softly to himself:

"My name was Captain Kidd
when I sailed, when I sailed."

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLEIADES NIGHT-WATCH.

CAPTAIN ROBERT RANKIN could not forgive himself for having made known the secret, or rather giving up the dispatches, that led the fair little Tempy to brave the dangers of a long journey by land and water.

He walked the floor in feverish agony.

Margery endeavored to calm his emotions.

"Tempy is not in half the danger you are, Captain Rankin," she said, "and I pray you will not worry yourself into a fever over her departure. She is well acquainted with the lake, and I daresay will reach her destination in safety."

"Not before night, though."

"She will do well if she reaches it by tomorrow night."

"Well, I cannot rest easy until I know harm has not befallen that brave young girl who virtually saved my life. But, kind friend, how soon do you expect your friends in?"

"Not before evening. Father usually turns about sunset."

"Is your father a fisherman?"

"Simply a recluse," replied Margery, evasively. "He has a penchant for secluded places, hence the reason that we dwell here among the romantic Pleiades."

"And is this secluded life agreeable to you and your sister, Tempy?"

"We love our father, and are contented wherever he is happiest."

Around this lonely island cabin and its lovely inmates there hung a mystery to Captain Rankin. He would have had it solved, for already he had become deeply interested in the family's history. He did not hesitate to admit that he had fallen desperately in love with the fair Tempy, although he tried, at first, to convince himself that it was but a momentary infatuation, and that the women might be the children of some old outcast hiding there, away from the hounds of the law. But his better judgment would assert itself, and the exalted innocence and honor that surrounded the women stoned confessed.

Margery extended every kindness in her power to alleviate the suffering of her guest, and in her gentle administrations there was a power as of magic. To him, she and Tempy had been good Samaritans—Sisters of Mercy—reserved in nothing that makes woman noble, gentle, loved and companionable.

The hours dragged wearily along to Rankin. He watched the sun changing in the doorway, and at times it seemed as though an hour made no difference in the position of the light and shadow. But, despite his impatience, the sun was gradually sinking westward, and finally dropped behind the tree tops. Then the twilight shadows began to gather in the cabin. A light breeze, sweetened with the perfume of wild flowers, stirred the green drapery of the trees. Away out along the margin of the island a bull-frog sent forth his harsh, rasping croak while a solitary cricket chirruped shrilly under the door-step, its ungrateful music harmonizing with the gathering gloom and depressing solitude.

Margery sat down at the open window, and gazing out over the lake, hummed a low, plaintive tune to herself. Her thoughts were far away; she was soon in deep meditation.

Meanwhile Rankin's thoughts turned upon his own situation. The silence and shadows filled him with vague forebodings.

Both were suddenly startled by the boom of a cannon breaking upon the silence. It rolled down from the north with a stunning shock.

"Oh, my God!" cried Margery, and she sprang to her feet and ran out of the cabin.

Rankin rose and followed her, tottering almost as he went.

From a point where they could obtain a partial view of the twilight-enshrouded lake, they beheld two sails. One of them, a little schooner, was already within a few rods of the island. The other, a brig carrying the English colors, and a gun fore and aft, stood on the northern extremity of the group of islands, over a mile away. It had evidently been anchored there, for all sails had been lowered.

"That is father's sail approaching there," exclaimed Margery, in delight.

"Do you know that other one off north?" asked Rankin.

"I do not; it's a stranger. Father will know, perhaps."

The little schooner soon turned into the shore. A tall man, with a long, snowy beard, stepped ashore, followed by a boy and a large dog. It was Long Beard, Harry and his dog.

Long Beard, then, was Margery's father.

Having secured his little craft by means of

a heavy rope, he turned and proceeded with the boy and his dog toward the cabin, to be met by Margery and Rankin.

Before a word of greeting had passed between the father and daughter, Harry shouted, as his eyes fell upon Captain Rankin:

"Hurrah for glori' hoppin' hornits! there he is, general, the very intentful chap that war in the big fight with us on the raft."

"Yes, I am the man, my good fellow," responded Rankin, extending his hand toward the youth. "I remember you very well, my brave and peerless youth. The last I saw of you was during the fight on that trap of a raft."

"I have a distinct remembrance of that raft, captain, and a little unpleasantry was had on it. That were a gory old fight; it was, for a stubborn fact."

"Yes, and I have wondered a hundred times how you and Mucklewee came out of the fight."

"Mucklewee!" exclaimed Harry, indignantly; "darn his hide! he got off with a basted head, I'm sorry to say."

"You speak severely of my guide, Harry."

"Your guide?" the youth replied, with disdain. "Captain, didn't you know that he was a traitor?"

"I did not, Harry."

"It's a holy fact, captain; it war him that got you into a confounded muss with the redskins. He is a British emissary."

Rankin was confounded by this intelligence, and but for the sober look on Harry's face would have disputed his word. He hurriedly connected different events that had occurred since he and Mucklewee had been together, and out of the links thus collected he gathered sufficient material to construct a chain of strong evidence corroborating Harry's story.

Meanwhile Margery and her father had stepped aside, when the former at once informed her parent of what had been going on since his departure. The giant seemed deeply affected by the news of Tempy's departure; at the same time, however, he expressed his approval of her going forth on a journey of such importance to their country.

"But at the same time she may be in less danger than we are in," he said, in concluding his remarks on that subject, and introducing another.

"Why so, father? Does that sail off to the north menace our safety?"

"It certainly does; it is an English brig-of-war, and has chased us since one o'clock, several times firing upon us."

"How does it come that English war-vessels are on this lake, father?"

"Why, Margery, war has been fully inaugurated, and the armies are moving. Hull has relinquished the conquest of Malden, and retreated on Fort Detroit. The English are already across the frontier; but our greatest danger, Margery, does not come from that source"—he spoke in a low tone. "Night before last I was a prisoner in the stronghold of a company of British soldiers under command of none other than Captain Kale, *alias* Sir Eugene Nealmurphy."

"Oh, God of mercy!" cried Margery, clasping her brow, while her face turned ghastly pale and her form reeled as if about to fall. Her father drew her arm in his to support her, and then narrated the story of his capture by Kirby Kale, and his release by Happy Harry.

Finally matters were explained all around, when Long Beard led the way to the cabin. He introduced Harry to Margery and his scolded home.

The youth was welcomed by Margery in words that filled his young heart with joy. He had never before received such praise and thanks as Margery bestowed upon him. He felt that he was indeed a hero.

Margery soon had an ample supper prepared for all, when Harry and Rankin were invited to the board. The Wild Boy and his host did justice to the meal, for they had fasted since morning.

Before night had closed in Long Beard made certain of the brig-of-war's position. He found it was still standing off, north of the Pleiades. But he knew that the enemy would not remain idle during the night—that they would, in all probability, send out a boat to reconnoiter and scout among the islands. To defeat the success of such an expedition was the main object with the giant, for if his cabin was discovered, he knew its destruction would be inevitable.

Happy Harry, ever ready for adventure, volunteered to keep on the move with his dog during the night, venturing the assertion that no boat could approach undiscovered.

The night was dark—extremely dark, the sky being overcast with a heavy, gray mist. Everything was as still as though the heavy gloom subdued the very pulses of the air.

Like two shadows, Harry and his dog crept through the undergrowth that skirted the margin of the little green-island; like shadows they stole along the beach. Now and then they stopped to listen—the master with his hand upon his dog's head. The animal's hearing was most acute; did he detect a suspicious sound, a toss of the head, or a low whine would announce the fact to his master.

Thus for hours they continued their watch around the island. Harry was growing drowsy and careless for the want of excitement when his attention was suddenly attracted by the surging of the waves along the bank.

"There's no wind to make them waves," the youth reasoned with himself, "and what's makin' them tickle the shore is more'n I can tell, less that's sunthin' in the strait between the two islands. If it wasn't so wickedly dark a feller and his dog might see sunthin'!"

Great hornits! Bell, I hope notthin' will befall these folks here. That poor woman looks sad enough anyhow, and then the old general's takin' on so 'bout his other gal that's gone to Laketown. Gracious! if we ever git through this bald headed darkness alive, I'll strike out after that little gal of his'n. And we'll find her, too, or expand a blood-vessel in the attempt. "Sh!—harkie, "Shaz—ar!"—jiggeder if there isn't—if there doesn't come a canoe creeping through the darkness like a spell of death! And now who is it—whar are they goin'? Dog their riggins, they've got muffled oars, and that means deviltry the world over. They're a pisen pack from the brig. They're Englishers come down here to reconnoiter, and I'll be confounded if I know whether to git 'em over here and exterminate 'em, or fire into 'em and let 'em slide. But then I guess I'll do neither one; I'll trick 'em, and so saying, he called out:

"Boat ahoy!"

The voice seemed to come from the opposite island, six rods or more away.

"Ayl! ayl!" was the response from the barge.

"Who goes there?" demanded the voice on the island.

The crash of half a dozen muskets was the response. A groan issued from the island.

The boat turned in toward the shore, and Harry laughed to himself.

"Guess we laid him out," he heard one of the unknown boatmen say.

Quicker than we can record the fact, Happy Harry had stripped off his clothing, and, with his knife between his teeth, entered the water and struck out directly toward the enemy's boat. Belshazzar at his side, both swam in silence.

The boat, a six-oared barge, belonging to the brig-of-war, reached the bank, when all the occupants but one landed and went to searching the undergrowth for the body of their supposed victim. The one left to watch the boat remained seated within it. His musket was leaning against the side. The oars hung loose in the rowlocks. The stillness was unbroken save by the noise made by the men among the rustling bushes.

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The boat, a six-oared barge, belonging to the brig-of

beyond Old Barrens Cottage for her beauty, and goodness, and gentleness, and all the other qualities that make some women a little lower than the angels. But no one thought that on a heart of flint like his—or, rather, no heart at all—the Venus de Medicis herself, should she step out alive from her pedestal, could make the slightest impression; and therefore, though our Erminie was every bit as good-looking as that scantily-draped lady of whom the world raves, though she had grown to be another Helen for whom another Troy might have been lost, no one set his visits to the cottage down to her, but rather to eccentricity, to some scheme, to some inexplicable notion, to any thing at all but to the real cause.

And so Judge Lawless was in love, and unsuspected. And as he sat there in his library, with his head in his hand, thinking, and pondering, and revolving, and wondering, on the best method of bringing matters to a crisis, and astonishing his friends, his intention was to raise Miss Germaine to the dignity of his wife. Judge Lawless was severely moral; but how to propose—that was the trying horn of the dilemma. Judge Lawless was not accustomed to proposing; but he had not attempted it for the last five-and-twenty years, and then the lady had saved him the trouble. Mrs. Lawless had been a wild young heiress, who fell violently in love with the “sweet” curling hair and “divine” whiskers of the handsome young lawyer, and not being troubled with that disagreeable disease incident to most very young ladies, except bashfulness, had, like a girl of honor, come to the point at once, and in a very composed, upright, and downright way, tendered him her hand and fortune. The ambitious young lawyer, nothing loth, took her at her word, and, one fine moonlight night, a fourth-story window was opened, a rope-ladder put in requisition; then a carriage; then a parson; then a ring, and “Adolphus Lawless, barrister at law,” as his shingle then announced him, was wood and won.

But this was quite another thing. He was in love now, which he hadn’t been the first time; and love makes the boldest warrior that ever clove helmets and heads in battle as timid as a—I was going to say girl; but I won’t, for in such a case, they are not timid at all—but as a newly-fledged gosling. Not that he feared a refusal. Judge Lawless drew himself up until his pantaloons-straps cracked, and looked indignantly in the glass at himself for entertaining such an idea an instant. But he didn’t know the formula—that was it. Things had changed so since he was a *garçon*, and the manner of popping the question might have changed with the rest. It would never do to make himself ridiculous; though, as the thought crossed his mind, he drew himself up again to the full extent of his six feet, odd inches, and felt indignant at the notion of being ridiculous under any circumstances whatever.

“Have her I must, come what will!” he said, getting up again, and resuming his 2:40 pace up and down the floor. “I am mad about that girl, I believe. The world may laugh and sneer at the idea of my marrying a—well, a pauper, in point of fact, when I could win, if I chose, the highest in the land. Well, let them. If Judge Lawless cannot do it for me! Oh, it is utterly impossible you can mean it!”

“On the contrary, wonderful as it seems, I must distinctly and unequivocally decline the honor.” And Erminie’s look of calm determination showed her resolution was not to be shaken. Judge Lawless rose to his feet and confronted her. Indignation, humiliation, anger, wounded pride, mortification, jealousy, and a dozen other disagreeable feelings, flushing his face until its reflection fairly imparted a rosy hue to his snow-white shirt bosom.

“Miss Germaine, am I to understand that you refuse to marry me?”

“Decidedly, sir.”

“Miss Germaine, I—I’m thunderstruck! I—I’m confounded! I—I am utterly confounded! Miss Germaine, you do not mean it; I can’t mean it! it’s impossible you can mean it!”

“The admiral looked at the judge in amazement, was a sight to see.

“Yes, sir.”

“Miss Germaine, I—I’m thunderstruck! I—I’m confounded! I—I am utterly confounded! Miss Germaine, you do not mean it; I can’t mean it! it’s impossible you can mean it!”

“The admiral grunted, and began smoking away like an ill-repaired chimney. Mr. Toosy pegs sat uneasily on the edge of his chair, and continued to make a light and rather unsatisfactory repast off the head of his cane. Thus a mournful silence was continued for some fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the admiral took his pipe from his mouth, wiped it on the cuff of his sleeve, and without looking at Mr. Toosy pegs, drew a long, placid breath, and held it out toward him with a laconic: “Smoke?”

“Thankie, Admiral Havenful,” said Mr. Toosy pegs, mournfully, “I never do.”

“More fool you, then,” said the admiral, gruffly, putting it in his own mouth again.

“Admiral Havenful,” said Mr. Toosy pegs, in a large tone of voice, “I’m aware that I ain’t so wise as some of my friends could wish me; but, at the same time, let me assure you that I don’t consider it a proof of wisdom to smoke at all. Smokers mean real well, I know, but it’s unpleasant to others, besides setting the inards in a dingy state, blacking the teeth, adulterating the breath, and often producing spontaneous combustion. Which means, Admiral Havenful,” said Mr. Toosy pegs, elevating his cane to make the explanation, “getting worked up to a high degree of steam, and going off quite unexpected and promiscuous, some day, with a bang, and leaving nothing behind to tell the melancholy tale—but a pinch of ashes, and that.”

“Well, Miss Germaine, and third,” he said, sarcastically.

“I will answer no more such questions, Judge Lawless,” she said, with proud indignation; “and I repeat it once again; I cannot be your wife.”

“That remains to be seen, Miss Germaine. There are more ways than one of winning a lady; I have tried one, and failed; now I shall have recourse to another.”

“Judge Lawless, is that meant as a threat?” said Erminie, her proud De Courcy blood flushing in her cheeks and lighting up her eyes again.

“He smiled slightly, but made no other reply, as he took his hat and cane and prepared to go.”

“Once again, Miss Germaine, before I go, I ask you if your mind is fully made up to reject me?”

“The darkening, streaming light of the violet eyes fixed full upon him was his only answer, as she stood drawn up to her full height.

“Good-morning, then,” he said, with a courteous smile. “I do not despair, even yet. Time works wonders, you know, Miss Germaine. Give my best regards to your excellent grandmother.” And with a stately bow, a la Grandison, the judge left the cottage, and prepared her for what was coming by a loud “ahem!”

Erminie, whose rosy fingers were flying, as by stress, on some article of dress, did not look up; so all these significant preparations, proper to be done, and which are always done, I believe, whenever elderly men go to propose, were quite thrown away upon her.

“Ahem!” repeated the judge, with some severity, and yet looking with longing eyes at the graceful form and sweet, drooping face before him. “Miss Germaine!”

She looked up inquiringly, with a smile.

“Ahem!” The stately judge was rather embarrassed. “Perhaps, Miss Germaine, you are not in utter ignorance of—ahem!—of the object of my visits here. I have revolved the matter over in all its bearings, and have come to the conclusion that—ahem!—that I am at perfect liberty to please myself in this matter. The world may wonder—no doubt it will; but I trust I have wisdom enough to direct my own actions; and though it may stare, it cannot but admire the person I—ahem!—I have chosen!”

The judge made a dead halt, drew out his handkerchief again, until the air would have reminded you of “Ceylon’s spicy breezes,” and shifted his left leg over his right, and then his right over his left. Erminie, not understanding one word of this valetudinary, had dropped her work, and sat looking at him, with wide-open eyes.

“In short, therefore, Miss Germaine, we will, if you please, consider the matter settled; and you will greatly oblige me by naming the earliest possible day for the ceremony.”

“The ceremony! What ceremony, sir?” said the puzzled Erminie, looking prettier than ever in her perplexity.

“Why, our marriage, to be sure!”

“Our marriage?”

“Certainly, my love. The earlier the day, the sooner my happiness will be complete!”

And the judge raised her hand to his lips, with the stately formality of five-and-twenty years before, fearing to venture any further; for there was a look in the sweet, wondering eyes that made him rather uneasy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. TOOSYPEGS IN DISTRESS AGAIN.

“The time I’ve lost is long,
In watching and pursuing,
The light that lies in woman’s eyes,
Has been my heart’s undoing.

Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the love she brought me;

My folly is all they’ve taught me—Moore.

ADMIRAL HARRY HAVENFUL sat alone in the parlor of the White Squall, the heels of his boots elevated on the knobs of the andirons, his chair tipped back to that sublime

angle which women admire, but men only understand. A long meerschaum, with an amber mouth-piece, protruded from his lips while whiffs of blue, vapory smoke curled from the corner of his mouth; his hands stuck in his trousers pockets, and his eyes fixed admiringly on the pink and yellow ship-of-war on the mantel. Admiral Harry Havenful was enjoying life hugely on a small scale, when a dispirited knock, such as moneyless debtors give, was heard at the outer door.

“Tumble up, below there! tumble up, aho-y-y-y!” roared the admiral, taking the pipe from his mouth to summon the servants.

In compliance with this zephyr-like request, one of the darkeys “tumbled up,” accordingly, and on opening the door, Mr. O. C. Toosy pegs stalked in, and with the head of his cane in his mouth, entered the parlor and presented the admiral to the jolly little admiral.

“You are mocking me, Judge Lawless! If you have had your amusement, we will drop the subject.”

“Mocking you, my beautiful Erminie! I swear to you I love you with all my heart and soul! Only make me happy, by saying you will be my wife?”

“I’m very well—that is, I ain’t very well at all, Admiral Havenful; I’m very much obliged to you,” said Mr. Toosy pegs, grasping the huge hand and wriggling it faintly a second or two. “My health ain’t so good as it might be, and I don’t expect it ever will be again, but I’m resigned to that and everything else that may happen. It’s nasty to be always complaining, you know, Admiral Havenful.”

“That’s so,” growled the Admiral, in a tone so deeply bass that it was quite startling.

“Therefore, Admiral Havenful, though I ain’t so well as I might be, I’m very well indeed, I’m very much obliged to you. It must be nice to die and have no more bother—don’t you think so, Admiral Havenful?” said Mr. Toosy pegs, with a groan so deep that the admiral took his pipe from his mouth and stared at him.

“What now?” grunted the admiral, who foresaw something was coming; “heave to!”

“Admiral Havenful, would you be so good as not to say that? You mean well, I know, but you can’t imagine the unpleasant sensations it causes—ugh!” said Mr. Toosy pegs, scarlet, her eyes darkening and darkening, until they seemed almost black.

“Done it!” The judge, in his amazement, was a sight to see.

“Yes, sir.”

“Miss Germaine, I—I’m thunderstruck! I—I’m confounded! I—I am utterly confounded! Miss Germaine, you do not mean it; I can’t mean it! it’s impossible you can mean it!”

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THE ONSET OF THE NORTH-WIND.

BY HENRI MONTGOMERY.

Blow the north-wind a ringing blast!
Down from their icy fastnesses
That guard the shores of the Polar seas,
Gathered his vassals thick and fast.
By rapid marches and forced advance
South and southward he made his way,
Fierce and cruel and swift to slay
With glittering halberd and pointed lance.
His loitering rear-guard, looking back,
Grimly smiled, rejoiced to see
The parished fragments of flower and tree
Scattered along the terrible track.

And where he saw, as he hurried past,
The covering fields lay bare and brown,
He sent his hurtling snow-storms down
To shut them close and hold them fast.
Armed at the shortest November days
He hewed the ice, tempests by the night,
And through each long December night
Still marches on, nor his course stays.
Till at last he posts his sentinels wary,
Throws up his drifts for a quick defense,
And pitches his camp of snowy tents
On the helpless fields of January.
And so we sit in 'leaguered state;
Sit and muse by the open fire,
And pile the blazing back-log higher,
Waiting long, but content to wait,
Since we know full well a time will come
When out of the south triumphant spring,
With flower banners fluttering,
Will march to drive the usurper home.
And the welcome south-wind, coming then,
Shall put to flight the frost and snow,
Warm with its kiss the brook's cold flow,
And wake all nature to whisper low
"The beautiful spring-time is come again."

John's Christmas.

BY FREDERICK DEWEY.

STURDY John Duncan walked into his little cottage one morning very sore at heart. And no wonder: times had been hard with him ever since he had been married, nearly a year since. When he led the prettiest and most tender-hearted girl in Mayhew to the altar he was in the receipt of a good salary in the shop of the principal dealer in the town.

It was quite sufficient to get married on, people said; and Minnie would save a trifl, too. But the dealer proved to be a villain, and plunging heavily into useless debt, suddenly absconded, throwing John, three months after marriage, out of employment. Since then he had been working, now and then, on the neighboring farms and about the village. But in the latter he had no hopes of making a living—it was the dullest, snail-plodding town in the State.

What he earned went as fast as it came, and now winter had superseded autumn, and he was in debt, and his pocket was literally empty. So as he entered his little house this wintry morning he felt discouraged and moody, and no wonder.

Pretty Minnie greeted him with a sweet smile, as bright and cheery as ever, though she instantly noted his despondency.

"Well, John?"

"Nothing, as usual," he replied, gloomily. "No one needs any help. Great heavens! why did I drag you down to poverty and drudgery—you, the prettiest and most tenderly-reared girl in Mayhew! If I had only stood by my vow and had not married until I had something ahead that would not have been."

She ran to him, and, perching on his knee, kissed him tenderly.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself!" she declared, with a charming attempt at severity. "To think that you, a great, strong, good-for-nothing, dear old fellow, should be grumbling and brooding while I am satisfied. For my part, I wouldn't change places with the richest wife in the world." And she kissed him again.

Oh, the magical effect of a wife's pure love. He pressed her to his breast in silence, finally idolizing her. He thought, then, that however poor in worldly goods he might be; that however wasted in health or sickness, he had a jewel far above price—the pure love of a gentle, patient wife.

They sat together for some time, then the cloud returned to John's brow.

"Minnie," he said, gloomily, "what makes me feel so this morning is that Christmas is at hand, only two days off, and we haven't anything good for dinner!"

"Oh, never mind that, John. I am sure I can do without for once."

"But I can't. I have always been used to a Christmas dinner and if I go without day after tomorrow it will be for the first time."

In her secret heart Minnie might have said the same, but in her features nothing was visible save a cheery, loving smile.

"I am almost discouraged," he said, watching the hopeful face close to his. "If it was alone it would be different."

"Hush!" she said, softly. "Think of what you are making, and be hopeful."

She blushed eloquently, and pointed to a corner of the small, bare room. A half-finished cradle, roughly constructed, stood by the wall. It was John's handiwork.

A tear stood in his eyes. He put her gently aside and strode toward the door. Stopping with his hand on the latch, he heartily said: "Minnie, if there is any way in which I can make Christmas, at least, a cheerful day, I will try it. Good-by, my sweetheart."

The door closed quickly, and he was gone. Minnie crept to a closet and took from some hidden cranny some gay cloth, and then sat down sewing, with a smile toward the cradle; she was preparing for its completion.

"I owe the grocer twenty dollars; the butcher ten. (I wonder how long it is since we had fresh meat). And there is the clothing I got for Minnie. (God bless her!) fifteen more. And the three months' rent at twelve dollars—oh, dear! I wish I had a job!"

He was quite close to the house when he heard a subdued lowing close by. He halted and listened. It seemed quite close, yet there was nothing in sight. Determining it was some animal in distress, he proceeded toward the sound. After going some distance the sound appeared to change its locality, for it seemed to come from behind him. Turning, he walked back, and when he came to the spot where he first heard it, it appeared to come from a shed close by.

John was puzzled, and was inclined to think some mischievous urchin was deceiving him. He was on the point of continuing his walk when the sound once more came to his hearing. This time it was loud and round and certainly came from the vicinity of the shed.

He walked toward it. The sound became more distinct as he approached, and was certainly the low of a bovine. A few steps past the shed brought him to the cause of the noise.

He was standing on the brink of a partially filled-up well. In its flourishing days it had been nothing more than an ordinary "wallow," as being in a marsh water was found at an insignificant depth. Now, a few days before a slight rain had fallen, followed by sleet, which froze quickly afterward. When it was raining considerable water trickled down the sides of the well, and when frozen, made them very slippery.

In the bottom of this hole was a cow unable to get out, moaning mournfully. He remembered her as having belonged to the former owners of the farm, and probably she had been purchased by the successor.

Once sleek and plethoric, she was now lank and lean, and her ribs protruded plainly; she had evidently been there, and without food, for several days. Probably the water at the bottom (now skimmed by a slight ice) had drawn her thither and she had been unable to extricate herself from her unpleasant predicament. Her eyes fixed themselves on John with a pleading, and at the same time, a languishing expression, which, under other circumstances, would have been ludicrous.

John instantly comprehended the situation, and his ready wit immediately conceived a plan by which the hapless animal could be relieved. He went to the shed, and as he expected, found a sufficient of detached and loose mould under its sheltering roof. A short board lay at hand. This he loaded with the soil, and, going to the hole, scattered it down the side. This operation he repeated until he was satisfied. Then he stood on the other side of the hole and drove the cow up his path, which she ascended easily. She was overjoyed at her release, and with a demonstrative bow of mingled thanks and joy, she careered away.

"What are you doing, sir? I would like to know, sir! yes, sir!" came in a quavering, piping voice, from the shed.

John turned and beheld a tall, spare gentleman, with a superabundance of furs and wrappers, standing close by, watching him curiously. He was aged and rather cross. John thought, on a cold morning. He was the new owner of the farm. He resolved to conciliate him if possible.

"One of your cows, sir, got into that hole and couldn't get out again, so I helped her."

"You did, eh! and did you know, were you aware, that she belongs to me?"

"I supposed she did, sir."

"And suppose I put her in there, sir! what right had you to take her out, sir?"

"I do not think you put her in there."

"Why don't you?" (curiously).

"Because you don't look like a man that would cause even a beast to undergo misery."

"Young man, what is your name?"

"John Duncan."

"Oho! so you are young Duncan. You are pretty poor, ain't you?"

John's face flushed, and he glared at the old gentleman.

"Come, come! I beg your pardon, young man. I am an old ruffian," and he laid his hand kindly on John's arm. The austere expression gave place to a kindly, sympathizing one, and the younger man's passion vanished.

"Yes, I am poor—very poor. And, sir, I've got a little wife at home whom I care for. To-day is the 23d, and I haven't a penny to get her a titbit for a Christmas dinner. If you could give me a job—"

"Lord bless my soul!" hastily interrupted the old gentleman. "Yes, yes; I know all about it. Often heard of you—very deserving young person—was just a-going to your house after you—kind-hearted chap to help a dumb beast. Yes, yes; come on!"

He hobbled away toward his residence, continually commanding John to follow him, and indulging in a variety of strange and disjointed sentences, among which frequently occurred the mention of his kindness to a dumb beast. Past the stately, comfortable residence he hurried, never deviating a jot from his course. Through the maze of wicker fences which guarded the lawn and garden; dodging through the occupants of the barnyard, and into the plethoric barn. Here he stopped short, and taking a pitchfork from a corner had a dumb beast. Yes, yes; come on!"

"There's hay—plenty of it," he piped, pointing to the immense bay overhead. "Pitch it to me!"

"But where?" asked John.

"Anywhere: don't make any difference—pay you two-fifty a day."

He was pegging away, rubbing his hands excitedly, when John caught his arm, with face red and glowing. Charity stood too conspicuous in the old gentleman's act, and he was very proud.

"No you don't" he said, almost roughly.

"I'm not a beggar, sir, I would have you understand!"

The other looked at him helplessly, for a moment, then hobbled away, bidding old cow to remain. Into the house he went, into the kitchen, and up to his tender-hearted old wife.

"I say!" he said; "I'm in a fix."

"You always are," she answered, with an affectionate glance.

"But this is a fix. I've got a young man out here—honest—helped old cow out of a hole—poor and awful proud—niece, pretty wife; and folks say there'll soon be three in the family—wants to get a Christmas dinner for her—ain't got any money—"

"Well, give him something to do, then!"

"Did! Told him to pitch hay, and he got mad and wanted to fight."

"Got mad and wanted to fight because he told him to pitch hay?"

"No, no! I only got vexed—proud, you see. Knew I was giving him a useless job."

"No wonder he got vexed; I like him for it. Go quickly, before he goes away, and set him to mending fences."

The old gentleman hobbled back and found John, with a red face, idly picking straws to pieces. He went to work with a will now he was doing something useful, and began to whistle. The old gentleman took some grain and salt down to the unfortunate cow, and coming back, met a lad who worked on the farm, going to tell Minnie of John's engagement.

The bright little woman was glad for his sake; and, putting up a dinner, started off for the farm.

The old gentleman, on looking out of the window at noon, saw them eating together. He shouted for the lad.

"Joe, go right out there and bring 'em in!

"Lord bless my soul! only a bit of corn bread and two cold potatoes for a winter's day, and eating out in the cold, too. Bring 'em in."

They came in, and then all sat down to a bounteous dinner, smoking hot. It was like old times to the young couple, but they had not tasted the like for many days. John told of his struggles to earn a living, and the old

couple listened attentively. When they arose from dinner the old gentleman said:

"Young man, when I met you this morning I was on my way to demand my rent, for I own your house now. I was crusty and sour, and might have treated you harshly." He never could have done it in the world. "But when I saw you maneuver about the poor beast I saw you were smart and kind-hearted. Now, do you know what I've got?"

They eyed him askance.

"I have got the biggest farm in the State. I am a mighty rich man. Now, I want a bookkeeper and a supervisor. You'll do to a charm. I'll give you one hundred a month and expenses—if I don't I am a ruffian. I want you to go to work right after Christmas, and I'll pay your first month's salary in advance—right here, this minute." He pulled out his huge pocket-book and handed bills and coin to John.

"There, there, now," whispered the good wife, drawing Minnie to her. "Don't take on so—you mustn't; there's a dear."

She was sobbing for joy. The good dame cried, too. The old gentleman blew his nose violently, and sharply scolded Joe for putting such green wood on the fire. It was enough to ruin younger eyes than his, he declared, with his back to the rest.

After supper that night, John finished the cradle. Then he took his wife in his arms, and clasped her long and lovingly. She wept on his shoulder.

"When the little one lies here," he said, softly, tapping the cradle, "we need not pinch and toll so hard, my darling. We will be comfortable then. God bless the old gentleman."

"God bless them both; and you, too, my tender-hearted John."

DAWN OF DAY.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The gray shadows that we earth in brooding lay
Throughout the silent night, and covering
With freshness all below, are hovering
Before their vanishing at the dawn of day.

The trembling dewdrops on every flower and tree
Are made translucent with the opal hue
Of the sunbeams that pierce the shadows
through;

Awakening both bird and honey-seeking bee.

The sky with rosy smile serenely bending
Above the stretching landscape's magic view;
Such as on canvas artist never drew—
With golden light through trembling haze descending.

The half-closed flowers like eyes entranced in
Sleeping;

Are slowly opening to Aurora's tinted light,
Re-freshed by dew—as eyes by sleep of night—
Drinking the pearls to their roots creeping.

Oh, that the day may end in rich completeness,
Which now is dawning on this world for all;

And the duties that to each one may fall
Be done so perfect, adding to life's sweetness.

May our lives be blended with a purity.

That when at resurrection's glorious morn
The shrouding shadows from this life are torn,
On us shall dawn Heaven's bright futurity,

CHAPTER XX.

A DASTARD'S ACT.

THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A DASTARD'S ACT.

THE COOL SUMMER AFTERNOON was nearly over, and already fresh, lively breezes were blowing refreshingly, even in New York, where the day had been remarkably pleasant and invigorating. Up in Harlem, the little children, freshly bathed and dressed in their white, cool suits, were playing in the different door-yards, and Ethel Havelstock, her own pleasant duties completed, and herself dressed in a newly-laundred blue lawn, stood in the side bay-window of her house, watching the frolic of the children and laughing with them, in the fullness of the joy in her heart.

She looked passing fair in her sweet, half-bride-like, half-matronly dignity, her pale, refined face lighted with such beaming radiance, her dark, glowing eyes wearing a perfect happiness in their brave, proud glances.

Everything was so pleasant to her; her charming little home, over which she presided with a quiet grace that could not have been equaled by a duchess in her castle. Frank had been so lavish of all the little dainties and luxuries that suited her fine nature so well; and as she looked around her little parlor, as neat as hands could render it, and bearing in every detail, from the position of the gay Persian ottomans, to the hanging-baskets between the gracefully-draped lace curtains, the impress of a woman's artistic touch, Ethel's heart gave great bounds of rapturous delight as she thought Frank had done it all—Frank, her lover, her husband, her lord and master.

This afternoon she was expecting a letter, without doubt. Her husband had been at Tanglewood a week, and although he had sent no word as yet, Ethel had found a thousand excuses for his tardiness. Until to-day: just a week from the day of his departure, when she certainly did look for her letter.

The thought had but gossamer wings to the hours of that bright sunshiny day. She had risen early and taken her customary walk before she prepared her lonely, tasty breakfast; after which she had put her house in exquisite order, and then sat down to her music for a long practice.

There were many new songs—Danks, Milards, and others, that Frank seemed to have ordered with an especial admiration for the subject discussed in them all—love; and Ethel sang them in her sweet, pure voice, with an earnestness that made her cheeks glow.

As yet, she had not

Ethel good-by, in a gravely cheerful way, and left her to her sorrow—the lone girl, who had not a breast in the wide world to weep on; between whom and the dismal future no arm was extended.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONFERENCE ON THE WAY.

As the door closed behind Carleton Vincy—the door of the house to which he had brought such utter desolation, a smile of positive relief crossed his face. He lifted his hat, and wiped the big drops of sweat from his forehead with the manner of a man who has successfully made a tremendous effort.

He walked rapidly to the corner where he had left a car, and as he hurried further away every second, realized perfectly that he had accomplished his part of the business with wonderful ease and haste; that there was only left the delightfully congenial task of dealing with Georgia Lexington just as pleased him.

That ride was a memorable one to Carleton Vincy. One is never so much alone when in a crowd, and he realized it to be so, as he saw none but strange faces around him, all the way down to the pier from which the boat left for Tanglewood. Somehow Ethel's face haunted him—so overflowing with anguish, so perfect in its pitiful bravery. Her wistful eyes were haunting him like ghosts—those beautiful eyes to which he had called tears that flowed until they drained the very fountain of grief. Was it because his vile touch had unsealed that spring of tears, because even his callous conscience thrrobbed under her womanly honor and mingled sorrow and courage, or, was there some other reason, whose very inexplicability puzzled him, that would not let him banish her from his thoughts?

Even now and alone his gloating delight that Georgia was still more surely in his power on account of his alliance with Havelstock whom he knew was a potent friend, was the memory of the girl's face, the sweet gravity of her manner, the tender dignity with which she refused his assistance.

So he rode along, his hat drawn over his eyes, his hands thrust in his pockets—this man whom people had heard of as dead and buried years ago, whom people had forgotten ever the memory of—the fiend incarnate, whose sole mission in life was to torment and make bitter as wormwood the already bitter life of one fair woman.

At the slip, Vincy left the car, and went directly aboard the boat, that was just with drawing her gang-plank as he stepped on deck—to meet Frank Havelstock, leaning lazily over the guards smoking a cigar with as keen a relish as though he had not been waiting for his agent in as deliberate and devilish a sin as man ever concocted or committed.

"Well—safely back?"

Havelstock put the significant question, looking Vincy keenly in the face.

"Safely back!"—an answer slightly emphasized, and fully as significant. It conveyed the whole story, and none of a dozen bystanders who heard it would have guessed all those few, apparently careless words implied.

Havelstock took out his cigar-case—a dainty, bronze velvet affair, with his monogram embroidered in brown silk upon it—the loving handiwork of Ethel, who had made it during the peaceful time when he was nearer goodness than he ever would be again; Vincy accepted a cigar, lighted it, and the two strolled leisurely through the boat, to the after deck, that was comparatively deserted.

They drew a couple of camp-stools near the guards, on which they sat themselves; the cool breezes blowing freshly over them, the lowering sun sending slanting red gleams over their heads—these two leaped in such unholly compact.

"And now—tell me all. What did she say—how did she take it?"

Havelstock knocked off a pile of foamy ashes as he put the question, whose very intent coldness, eager curiosity betrayed thoroughly the depraved nature he was so apt at hiding under the specious garb of his personal attraction, society-polish of manner, and an intelligence and aesthetic refinement that was all the more terrible because of the power it gave him to commit his wickedness.

"Well,"—and Vincy settled himself more comfortably against the network of the guard, and crossed his feet on the camp-stool in front of him—"she's a little brick. Upon my word, Frank, I never came so near making a fool of myself in all my life. Such eyes!—I can forgive you for forgetting everything else in the world."

Havelstock smiled serenely.

"Yes. Ethel's eyes are very handsome—they conquered me without any terms of mercy. Poor little girl! I know it half-killed her."

"It did that. For a moment, when I announced the awful news, I thought she was dying, standing straight up, too. I could see nothing but eyes—big, shiny fires, that seemed to me would scorch me through. I tell you I felt uneasy, Frank, that's a fact. I never saw anything like it, except once, when I struck Georgia's young one, to stop its squalling; I remember she gave me about such a look, that I've thought of since more than once."

"What did you tell her?—the story we agreed upon? And you showed her the newspaper accounts?"

"I told her in a very few well-chosen words the sad story of your death by drowning, and the fact of your interment at Greenwood. I showed her the *Herald*, *Tribune* and *Sun*, each of which contained the accounts I myself wrote, the discrepancies of which reports I explained on strictly scientific principles."

"And she never suspected anything by the slight differences of name?"

"Nothing—noting at all. Of course, there was the greatest difficulty in our way, as your real name in print would have alarmed your friends. Happily, the danger is tided over."

"And now for Ida Wynne, and half of the kingdom. By the by, you told her Tanglewood deplored my untimely demise?"

"Of course, although I have wondered since if that was a cautious move. I told her to keep her from going to the Lexingtons for further information. The fact of their being in mourning would deter her, you know. But it occurs to me later, will not the effect be contrariwise? will not Mrs. Havelstock return because she will be nearer your relations—or from a romantic idea of living near where you were known last in the flesh?"

Havelstock's lips curled in a sneer.

"You are not so good a judge of character as I supposed you if you think for a moment that Ethel Maryl would stoop to such a measure. She will stand up for herself in joy or trouble, and never descend to return home, or ask the smallest favor at the hands of my people. She would starve before she would do that or return to Mrs. Lawrence."

"There is one assurance you can rest in, and that is that she is fully competent to take care of herself. Have you any idea what she will do?"

Havelstock threw his cigar-stump into the

waves, and looked carefully after it before he replied.

"Frankly, I do not have the slightest idea. I know she could teach music, or sew, or take a position in a store in almost any capacity."

"It need not concern you. The bond is effectually severed between you, and the chances are that your paths in life will never run counter. She will be a poor, struggling girl, working hard for her own living, wearing her robe of black mockery; until, in time, she consents to be comforted again; and you, even your name lost in that of Lexington, the heir of the magnificent estate of Tanglewood, the husband of the rich and charming Miss Wynne, with your summers divided between Saratoga, Newport and your estate, and your winters between receptions, dinners, operas—is it in the bounds of probability that you will ever meet?"

There was a sarcastic pitifulness in Carleton Vincy's words and tone, as he drew the true picture of their two lives—Havelstock's and the innocent, wronged girl he had so wickedly deserted—that made Frank regard him with honest surprise.

"You are not yourself; has anything happened to sour your temper?"

Vincy laughed, harshly.

"Nothing, I assure you. Only, I declare I can't forget those pitiful, tearful eyes."

"You're a fool, Vincy. If I, whom she loved with an intensity you may imagine, can throw her over without any particular qualms, I think you might spare me any dramatic conscientiousness."

There was a contemptuous severity in Havelstock's voice, and a cynical sneer in his eyes that effectually silenced Vincy, who, for ten thousand worlds would not have lost Havelstock's powerful assistance regarding his affairs.

So he answered, prefacing his words with a half laugh:

"You're right, Havelstock; I am a fool; but not the first who has been made so by a woman's eyes."

A long, thoughtful silence fell on them.

Around them were merry voices, gay laughter, and the innocent mirth of glad-hearted children. The diamond spray dashed against the sides of the steamboat; the peaceful green banks seemed gliding by, in a silent, phantom march; overhead the sky was one speckless arch of vivid blue, and as the evening gathered softly, slowly, and occasional lights twinkled from elegant residences along the river, it seemed as if the very hush of the sweet summer night thundered its disapproval on those two men's heads, as they hurried along, to forge other links in the chain of fate with which they should essay to bind their victims.

At the little dock near Tanglewood they found the Lexington carriage waiting. Frank jumped in, bidding Vincy a hearty good-night; while Vincy walked along toward the tavern, filled with bitter thoughts of Georgia, nestled amid all the luxury and pomp of Tanglewood—Georgia, his wife.

"Curses on her proud head, that I will bring to the very dust!"

He muttered the words as he glanced toward the spacious building, majestic in its massive splendor, that covered her threatened head.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

TO EVERYBODY.

BY FRANK DAVIES.

BY FRANK DAVIES.

You are a fool and I'm a fool, And all the world is folly, I'll take a glass of lager beer To drown my melancholy.

The world is rolling round and round, And our heads round are turning, Why should we not each time we roll Become the more discerning?

I know my brother is a scamp; I know he's a liar, A woman is a gay coquet, A mother is a friar.

But, why should we sit down and mourn? You know in the beginning It was ordered that man should be Born in a life of sinning.

Tis wrong that folly is to be seen; The man should be perfect; If ever you thought any so.

Then turn your recollection to— Believe not in the man who is.

Forever smooth and level is the road A man may fly with angel wings, And be a devil.

Yet, think no man is full of sin, Because he's always willing; A soul is far too grand a thing To have no mean a filling.

I'll climb out; I'm wuss'n a tom-cat, that way.

I've tried it. Though we ain't thirty feet from the top, if even half that, it might as well be thousand. The hole is small up there, but it swells out on every side below—just like a funnel turned bottomside up.

Old Business made no reply in words, but carefully picked himself up and when assured that no bones were broken, he slowly made a circuit of the walls, sinking nearly knee deep in the mass of soft, withered grass and moss with which the bottom of the pit was covered.

It may be said here that Isabella had been careful to provide against accident before she pushed Mark into the pit. Though maddened with unrequited love, she was not one to utterly despair at the first or second repulse. She counted upon reducing Austin by solitary confinement, darkness and starvation, until he would gradually yield to her wishes, fondly believing that her mad, overpowering love would, when the first concession was made, soon kindle an answering passion in the heart of the young miner.

"It's a rat-trap, sure enough!" muttered Old Business, once more his natural self. "An' yet—that's a 'rangement here I can't make out—a sorter iron dofuny an' chain. 'F we only had a light; you hain't got no such thing as a light 'bout ya!"

"No—nothing of the kind. I thought of that, and hunted close, but couldn't find a single match."

"An' I, like a blamed fool, when I set out to play the high-toned Greaser on them gatoots above, I left my fire-machine 'th my trother duds. 'F wasn't for the noise, we might easy git fire, but some o' them long-earred rips be sure to heat it up we went to burnin' powder. You're sure—go through your rags once more. Mebbe one's growed sense."

A glad cry broke from Mark's lips as he held up something that glowed with a peculiar light as he rubbed it with his fingers.

"It's only a little piece, but perhaps 'twill do."

"Here," and the trailer eagerly clutched the fragment of a match. "Now to work. I don't reckon we want to roast ourselves, so we'd better crowd all this stuff into one corner. Work lively, now!"

The dried grass and moss were carefully pushed aside, and then Old Business prepared a little pile of the dry stuff to kindle with the match, while Mark nervously twisted up a hard knot of the same to serve as a torch.

It was a breathless moment when Old Business gently struck the match, and they watched the feeble blue flame as it flickered unsteadily,

"Old Business—thank God! How came you here?"

"Waal, I'll ber-dog-gone! Ef this don't beat the Dutch, an' the Dutch beat the—chaw my year! Lend me one whar I live, won't ye—do! Giv' me a horn-toad to eat; stic' a horn-bug in my ear! 'Pent, sinners, 'pent—cause the pizer tarantul o' nat'r cussedness is a-crawlin' up your trower's leg—oh—ah!"

"It's me; don't you know? Mark Aus-

tin—"

"Oh guseberry juice an' bonny clabber! thunder-bugs an' mush an' milk! Kick me in the short ribs; comb my ha'r with a brickbat, 'cause I'm too sweet to live; I be so! Hush! you're lyin', dog-gone ye; can't fool me! I'm dead, I am; fell down here, seventeen hundred million miles an' splattered out like a buckwheat slapjack—did so! Didn't I see the little devils in red-hot britches a sweepin' me up in a dustpan? An' yit—was I dreamin'? That ain't much smell of brimstone, be that? I've got a cold, reckon."

"Are you mad, old man?" impatiently added the other voice. "Don't you know me? We're here together, in a hole. I fell down—"

"So did I! 'Twas last year I started though, I reckon. Mighty nigh starved afore I tetch'd bottom. Easy, than—quit kickin', dog-gone ye! Cain't be morn'e a foot o' airth 'twixt us an' China-land. Don't want to but's through an' send us both on a journey to the moon, do ye?"

"He's either drunk or crazy!" muttered Mark, disgusted.

"Thar's a' insult—an' yit, 'pears like I kin taste some sort o' licker in my breath, afer all. Say—you; how long you bin in this place, anyhow?"

"Not long—it was last night that I left you and Pike."

"Wait—let me think," said Old Business, slowly.

"Reckon I must a' turned a double summer-set, comin' down hyar, I'm so peskily mixt up, like. Last night, you say? Then I fixed up an' fooled the varmints, we spoilt a lot o' red-hot pizen; I must a' drunk more'n I tended to, or else I tumbled down here top end fust, an' the dog-gone whisky run down into my head—that's it! Young feller, I ax pardon; I'm drunk—drunker a biled owl—an' am a professor, too, oh—ah!"

"Well—there's one consolation; you'll have plenty o' time to sober off on, so just roll over a bit. You come down on my—political economy—like a nightmare."

"That's it! I felt sumthin' warm a-neath me, an' was afraid to stir, 'cause I think twas whar I'd be led to death. Thar—I forgive ye, if ye did kick like thunder; only, your cushion'd be all the better fer a little more fat, lad; fallin' on them bar' bones ain't much better than rocks—feel like I was stove plum up."

"Look here, old man," cried Mark, with ill-disguised impatience. "As you say, 'nough's enough an' too much.' As you say, 'nough's enough' on this nonsense, now. We're in a precious hole here; the question is how we are going to get out o' it!"

"Stan' upon our heads, then let loose all holts an' drap up, feet fast. That's easy enough."

"Oh, turn it up! Don't try to act the fool; you can't improve on nature. Give me a straight answer, if you can. Who sent you here—who pushed you down?"

"Nobody. Ye see, it kem about jess so. We missed you; I found out you was 'long o' this gang o' cutthroats. Was afraid you'd forget us, so I kem to hunte up. Played bugs on the fools, cleaned 'em out at that best games, then drun' em all drunk, arter which I set out on a vy'ge o' diskivry—lookin' for you. A durned fool wouldn't a' found ye, but I did. I see this hole; thinks I, mebbe he's down thar—here, ye know. 'Twas my last chance, so I just lepped—"

"Easy, old man, easy there," cautioned Mark.

"Taint my fault—I can't help it," protested Old Business, earnestly. "Yer see I got to tellin' such gewhollopin' lies to them suckers up thar I can't scarcely quite my tongue up nat'r ag'in. You jest git me a punch or a hite with your hind leg, whenever you see me jumpin' the trail—"

"All right; I'll do it. But now, about gettin' out. What can we do? Can't you suggest somethin'?"

"Climb out! I'm wuss'n a tom-cat, that way."

"I've tried it. Though we ain't thirty feet from the top, if even half that, it might as well be thousand. The hole is small up there, but it swells out on every side below—just like a funnel turned bottomside up."

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SHAY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Do you know a man by the name of Shay?
Living here? You've seen him, eh?
I've often heard him talk about,
The meanest man without a doubt
That ever was born, so people say,
Is this notorious William Shay.

What rogues some people will get to be!
Indeed, it rather puzzles me
To think that in a decent town
A man's allowed to go up and down,
Having everything in his own way,
As this despicable William Shay.

They say he's a rogue of the deepest dye.
William is a man at the wink of an eye,
And lately in a drunken spree
He raised a muss and murdered three,
And shook his fist at the face of the law,
And swore they couldn't bring him to law.

He's a very terrible man to meet,
And no life's safe when he's on the street,
And he's always looking for a row,
And gets the best of it somehow,
And everybody here's afraid to
Open his head to this desperado.

I tell you, stranger, if such a cuss
Would go to cutting his shins with us,
There isn't a man in our town
That wouldn't hurry to shoot him down,
Or string him up to the highest limb
So quick that his head would never swim.

The blackest, bulkiest, rascal Shay
You've ever seen!—and don't you say?
This is an extraneous, young rascal and thief,
I'd like to see him before I leave!
You are the man! Well, I do think!
I beg your pardon! What'll you drink?

In a Moment of Passion.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"The Hub" in the holidays.
Snow had fallen from time to time until the sleighing was perfect. Sutton had his span of blacks put into the cutter, no easy task, for the fiery creatures had not been driven as much as formerly. The reason, that their master was more taken up with the attractions which Beacon street offered, and that the reunions there were too often supplemented by lansquenet or "Boston," while the fumes of champagne over night did not conduce to the clear eye and steady nerve required to keep the animals within bounds.

They were giving the groom trouble when Lonesley dashed up the stairs and into Sutton's room.

"Ready, Reeve? If we aren't off soon we'll have the party waiting. You don't look well old fellow."

"I've a splitting headache. Not a new experience, but inconvenient to day. The cold air may do it good."

"I wish you would let me say a word."

"Two of them, three, a dozen, if you like, so they don't comprise either a lecture or a piece of good advice. A stale story, those."

"It is only a warning this time. You are living too fast, and if you don't give over your loose habits you will come to the end of your tether sooner than you imagine. You haven't an iron constitution, and such as it is you are undermining it fast as a man can. With your talent it would not be pleasant to find yourself a hopeless invalid for life."

"You'll never find me such," said Sutton, coolly. "When I go that far I'll finish the course, depend upon it. Now—"

"Now you had better change teams with either Ward or me. Those horses of yours aren't safe; you'll get your neck broken with them yet."

"Terry Hart would sooner risk breaking her neck than bear a disappointment, and I promised her to drive the blacks. Much obliged for the offer, but I am quite able to manage my own team—my own affairs, too, if you'll pardon my saying it."

"Now, he's off in a huff," thought Lonesley, "and ten to one, he will be the more reckless because I interfered."

His apprehension was not realized. Reeve Sutton had too much sterling sense to resent the true friendliness which had prompted the other's warning, and he held the blacks in strong check, subduing their fiery paces and getting them thoroughly under control before he would permit that noted belle, Miss Teresa Hart, to take her place beside him. Thus it chanced that they were the last of the three couples who had elected to dine at Brooklyn that day. Lonesley had with him a sprightly married lady who played property to the party; and her sister, the pretty, rich Miss Breckinridge was with Ward, Terry Hart's cousin. Ward both saw the prettiness and coveted the riches of his little partner, and he started that morning with the resolve to drive into Brooklyn with his *fiancée* if she would accept him as such. He put his fate to the touch right speedily and was at once refused. Then he cursed himself for the folly which had left so much of the distance over which he must sustain the part of a jilted lover, not a pleasant role at any time, the more disagreeable now that Sutton was Miss Hart's companion. Ward liked his cousin Terry the better of the two, by far, but Millie Breckinridge had the most money, the best connections, and the finest establishment at her disposal. He had played for the highest stakes and lost, but was quite prepared to avail himself of his next best choice on the first opportunity which should offer, and felt tolerably sure of a favorable result, provided Sutton did not anticipate his proposal.

"Terry is as much in love with me as I am with her," thought Mr. Ward, complacently.

"But the trouble is, she's sharp enough to see the game I've been up to. She may take Sutton out of pique if he speaks to-day, and hang it all! the fellow looks as if he meant to."

The other cutter was close behind, the blacks coming with the long, smooth sweeps to which Sutton was holding them. He had found enough to do in this without saying much to his companion for a time, but that untiring pace and the sparkling day acted as exhilarants and he turned toward her, his face kindling.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

Terry shot one furtive glance at him from beneath her black, curling lashes, and took alarm at the expression he wore.

"Oh, this is well enough," she answered, distinctly, "but not at all what I was led to expect. I thought you promised me something unusual, Mr. Sutton. I want to fly, to go like the wind. This is not half exciting enough."

Sutton laughed.

"I'll give you what you want when we reach the mainland. Just here it would be dangerous. Don't do that, Ward; keep your horses steady, man. Mine will not stand it to have you run away from us now."

Ward had reined in his team with a suddenness which made them plunge, then, as the others came almost abreast, whipped them savagely into a mad speed. The blacks took this as a challenge, and laying back their ears, kept pace, but Ward either did not hear or did not choose to heed Reeve's warning cry.

Perhaps he meant to prevent the proposal of marriage which he feared Sutton might make—feared with good reason, for it had been in the latter's thoughts, expecting a different answer from that Terry had given, to make a speech, bringing in the hope that they might glide on thus smoothly through life to gether.

"Oh, Mr. Lonesley!" cried Mrs. Ames, looking back; "they are racing on the Neck. I wish girls did know something. Of course the gentlemen would not be so thoughtless unless they were urged to it. What is the matter?"

Without answering Lonesley turned aside, stopped and sprang out of the sleigh.

"Hold the lines a moment, please. I think Ward's horses are running away and I must try to stop them. Great heavens! is he mad?"

Wholly regardless of his own danger and that of the terrified girl beside him, Ward leaped out and made a cut at Reeve's nearest horse. Like a flash Sutton turned in his place, and passion-mad for the instant, brought the heavy end of his whip in a crashing blow down upon the other's head, and, losing his balance, was himself flung heavily to the ground. The reins were wound about his waist, and he was dragged, as it seemed to him, through a hell-ho! blinding mist, which changed to blackness, and he knew no more.

He came back to consciousness in a place completely strange, and knew then that the glimmerings which he fancied dreams had been snatches of reality. They had shown him a low-celled, pleasant room, with muslin curtains and bright, home-made carpet, chintz-covered furniture and blazing wood fire, and stretches of snow rolling away over the near hills. Had shown him also a pair of sweet, pure eyes, full of compassion, as he fancied the angels' must be when they look down upon our struggles and temptations and weaknesses here below.

The room was in Hosea Grenval's farmhouse; the eyes, as he discovered afterward, belonged to Meta, the one daughter of the house. A fair girl, with a broad brow, a tender, red mouth, and bright brown hair, slender and tall, lovely now and bearing the promise of a beautiful womanhood.

Sweet, shy Meta! How well he grew to know the soft touch of her little cool hands; how restful it was to drive the fancy fancies out of his surging brain by simply watching her as she sat near him unawares, and how pretty she was when she chanced to catch his glance upon her, and flushed to the roots of her clinging hair! It was due to Meta that he almost forgot to puzzle over the mystery of his being there.

Farmer Grenval explained it in a general way one evening when he was able to sit in a chintz-cushioned easy chair in that cozy corner where the fireglow was rudest.

"You were used up bad when you were brought here, Mr. Sutton, no mistake. Shoulders dislocated, wrists sprained, head cut open, and one line of blue and black bruises from head to foot. But, mother's a capital nurse, and between her and Dr. Stone they've brought you through easier! I hoped for."

Reeve thought of the brain fever through the mazes of which he had wandered for weeks, but said nothing.

"Seeing as it was Rob Lonesley who sent the letter asking us to take you in and tend you well till he should come, mother couldn't have done more if you'd been her own."

"It was very kind of Mrs. Grenval. You might have been satisfied without this. Was it not enough that you made me desperate?"

"No trouble to do anything for a friend of Rob's. A fine boy, Rob Lonesley; he used to be with us considerably in the summer-times. Chummed with a nephew of mine at school, you see. Smart, too. I do hear that he wrote a book since, and got it sold; more'n they all do, from what the papers say."

"Yes, Lonesley has already had fair success as an author, and will gain more. But what put it into his head to send me here I can't imagine. How far from Boston did you say this is?"

"Nigh upon thirty miles."

"And Lonesley speaks of coming, too; a strange thing for him to do at this season. That was all his letter contained—yes, you have told me, and the person who drove me here said nothing to throw any light upon the matter. It is incomprehensible to me. I'm afraid he does come, or I grow stronger. I must remain and try your patience still, Mr. Grenval."

"We're glad to keep you for your own sake, now," said with the simple truth which marks the true gentleman, whatever his outside polish may be.

So, Sutton stayed through his pleasant convalescence, gaining the hearty liking of the elder people, and watching Meta with a tender sort of admiration when she was with him, not thinking much of her when she was not, and never dreaming that he had appeared to her first like her ideal hero in his handsome young manhood, and that his very helplessness was among the things to win upon her. It made her pity him, and we all know what a short step leads from pity to love.

And she thought—in her innocence she might well be pardoned thinking—that his sincere liking was something more. She had never heard of Terry Hart, poor child! And as often occurs in like cases, through all his delirium Sutton had only revealed the better part of himself, and so vaguely that she believed him truly noble.

It was the middle of February when Lonesley came in upon them one day, unexpectedly.

"What, about again?" said he to Reeve, cheerfully. "I knew you couldn't help mending fast in such good hands. How do you find yourself?"

"All serene, thanks to the fact that my bump of inquisitiveness is not very strongly developed. But, now you're come, perhaps you'll explain how you came to land me here with such perfect lack of ceremony as attended the circumstance. My consent was an immaterial point, but how could you be sure of the Grenvals?"

"It was all right though!"

"Was it, though? That is precisely what I want to know. Come, speak out, Lonesley. Let's have the truth, the whole truth, and—know the formula."

"The truth of what?"

"Everything. What's the matter, Rob? You are not generally so obtuse. Must I go through a full catalogue of inquiry? Why is this thus? Who brought me here, and why did he do it, and what has become of all my inquiring friends? Lonesley!" in an altered tone, "what gives you that look? Tell me."

"The truth is, I feared trouble through Ward. You remember?"

"I remember. He must have been drunk, that day, I think, but I'd have chastised him soundly if I'd got the chance, the villain! Well, what else?"

"Nothing else, except that you were in no condition to be troubled."

"Thanks for your thoughtfulness while I was not able to look out for myself, but as I don't care to rest under the imputation of being a sneak and a coward longer than is absolutely necessary, I'll go back along with you, if I have your permission."

"I'm not going straight back. I came to say if you can bear the journey in a week from this, I'll be here for you."

"I don't like to keep Ward waiting."

"He is not in the city just now," said Lonesley, turning his face away.

"Oh, in that case I don't mind. But I say, what of Terry? Has he been trying to turn her against me? He was sweet on her himself, you know."

"He is not now. I have not seen Miss Hart of late."

"Then she can't be going out so much. Is she wearing the willow for me, dear girl? I would like to know it."

"That is what they call it, I believe—wearing the willow," said Lonesley, and afterward, when he had gone, it struck Reeve that there was something strange in his voice and manner throughout the interview.

Had he kept something back? Did that something concern Terry? A couple of days' brooding almost convinced him of it, and worked him into a state of nervousness which made inactivity a misery. When the farmer announced his intention of driving to Southboro on the third day, he was alert upon the instant.

"Southboro. That is on the Boston line, is it not? Then it will not be an inconvenience for you to take me that far upon my route. I have decided to return immediately."

Nor would he be moved from his decision, held with regret by his host and hostess, in perfect silence by Meta, though her heart sunk like lead. She sat looking steadfastly into the fire, while the great farm sled was brought to the door, and Sutton was darting back and forth, blither at the prospect of leaving than she had seen him before. She thought he was going without a word, but he came in presently with his light overcoat buttoned to the throat, and cap and gloves in his hand.

"Will you forget me before I come again, Meta?"

"You will come again?" the load suddenly lifted from her heart.

"Of course, and until I do you must write to me, 'Will you?'

The promise was given, a moment more and he was gone, but Meta had a hope to live upon, and was happy with that blissful consciousness of first love which makes the whole world roseate, and life perfect only once to us all.

He reached the city, lunched at a restaurant, thence to his lodgings and dressed, and went without one moment of unnecessary delay to call upon Terry Hart. He gave an involuntary start as she entered the parlor where he awaited her. She was so changed! People had called her dazzling, brilliant, a passion-flower, a glorious woman, but in this pale shadow of a glory departed he scarcely recognized his love. For that very reason, perhaps, his impetuosity burst all bounds, and he was pouring out his heart to her almost before he was aware. Her haughty glance and uplifted hand checked him in the very midst of his impassioned speech.

"You dare to say words like these to me," she cried; "of all men—you! You dare to intrude upon me when you must know that the sight of you fills me with abhorrence. You might have been satisfied without this. Was it not enough that you made me desperate?"

He looked at her in utter amaze, then comprehended vaguely as he observed that she was dressed in deepest mourning.

"Forgive me!" he said in a subdued voice. "You have had a loss. I did not know."

Over the face of the girl went an intense dawning of intense attention, there had come a startled, surprised look among the violet tints of her lovely eyes, and an expression of almost horror on her face.

She had satisfactorily arranged her exquisite toilet, seen that her hair was just as it should be, and had drawn on her gloves, intending that Guy Warrener, who waited for her at the foot of the stairs, should button them for her.

Then, her foot on the threshold of the door, she had heard her name spoken distinctly in the adjoining room, which she knew was the gentleman's hat-room for that occasion. Her own name, spoken by a gentleman, whose voice she did not recognize, but in such a way that she did what any woman so circumstanced would have done—stopped and listened, with that pained, startled look creeping over her sweet face.

"You don't mean to tell me Miss Marchmont is going to marry Guy Warrener?"

"So Guy is given to understand. Warrener's a dandy lucky fellow, isn't he? She's worth a cool eighty thousand, if she's worth a cent."

"But she's old—she's none of your young girls. She'll never see twenty-five again—but then, Warrener won't care for that, so long as the eighty thousand are forthcoming. Of course, he'll marry her simply for the money, or none."

"Well—he's as good as got it. Hark! the promenade is beginning; we'd better go down."

Ethel drew back as the men passed her, her white pained face averted, her hands cold and trembling, her very heart sick within her.

In her sweet self-deprecating, thin sudden blow staggered her pitifully—while her lover waited below, and wondered what was keeping her.

Then, in a few minutes she came down, quiet, gracefully self-possessed, as usual, but with a curious inconsistency in eyes and manner that Guy saw very promptly—eyes that were fairly flooded with a sad, wistful entreaty of tenderness, and a manner that was constrained and distant, even while she strove to conquer the miserable pain at her heart.

But she wisely kept her own counsel that night, and for many other days and nights, while the time came steadily nearer and nearer when it would be too late to debate the one great question that agitated her mind now.

Then, because she loved him so dearly, she resolved, after those days of meditation and misery, to tell her wife whether he loved her or the money more.

"I cannot give him up! I know I am a coward, but I dare not tear all the sunshine out of my life because I fear I am not so much to him as he is to me."

She was delicate, considering all the mental reviews she had so deliberately taken of the situation. She made it as she was driving out one brilliant, sunshiny morning, on a narrand that was allied very closely to her decision.

So she was bowed along in her elegant carriage, behind her high-stepping horses, with the mists of unhappy uncertainty disappearing from her eyes and the old-time tender

gained appeared to him as an object. He had a hope that the same influence might yet work Reeve's redemption. Surely no man could be long in that pure presence and not be touched by